

a strange situation

the passion in me is a strange situation
sometimes it's a ball of fire
sometimes cold as ice—and just as sharp
it makes my eyes water
it makes my palms sweat
it makes my skin ache
laughing (hysterically)—crying (hysterically) it all goes
together
don't touch my passion
true it's strong but its very tender
it would be like touching an open sore—an OPEN
SORE
even something as harmless as air itself
can make it sting
so fragile
sometimes it's a friend and i recognize its novelty
most of the time it overtakes me and leaves me powerless to
its force its drive its control its inevitability
my every thought is consumed in my passion
my passion for passion
i wonder what its like not to think not to feel
the passion in me looks at things differently
everything happens for a reason
everything has its place in the gigantic mystical circle of
meaning
dissect
analyze
find beauty
define the pain
i wonder what its like to live without passion
would it take away my ability to feel and therefore take away
my doom
or would it take away my spirit and life—leaving me nothing
but doom
the passion in me—it's a strange situation